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DUNTON'S GHOST:

OR, A

SPEECH

To the most remarkable PERSONS in

CHURCH and STATE;

But more especially to a

Very great Lord now at the Helm of Publick Affairs.

By the unknown Author of *Neck or Nothing*, since he was Number'd among the Dead.

To be continued Weekly, or as often as the Ghost thinks fit to Appear.

BEING THE

HANOVER COURANT:

OR,

MERRY OBSERVATOR.

Writ as well to divert the Ingenious, as to open the Eyes of those blinded and deluded Wretches, the *English* and *Scotch Jacobites.*

Dedicated to his Excellency Baron *Schutz*, Envoy Extraordinary from the most Serene Prince the Elector of *Hanover.*

Mille modis morimur miseri sed nascimur uno. —— Ovid.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1714.

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THE DEDICATION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

His Excellency Baron *Scutz*, Envoy Extraordinary from the most Serene Prince his Highness the Elector of *HANOVER*.

Being a necessary Introduction to the *Ghost-Project*.

May it please Your Excellence,

THIS with the profoundest Respect I beg Leave to lay this humble Offering at your *Excellence's Feet*, which has nothing to recommend it to that Honour, but its coming from a Heart entirely devoted to the *most Glorious Prince*, whose Minister you are, and for whose Interest my *GHOST* appears, at the Hazard of all that's dear to Mankind, *viz.* Liberty. And for that Reason I entitle this Weekly Monitor *Dunton's Ghost*, as I am *numbred among the Dead* (*i. e.* forc'd to abscond) for daring to call *a Spade a Spade.*

But, my Lord, how can an English Protestant be *innocently silent (till his Soul is actually disembodied, and his mortal Parts really interr'd)* when the Succession of that *Serene House* is so openly struck at, in the Succession of that Illustrious Family, which your *Excellence* has the Honour to serve; and all that value those inestimable Blessings, (of *English Liberty* and *Protestant Religion*) will *consequently defend that Succession with the last Drop of their Blood.*

My Lord, 'tis with great Joy that every *true Britain* beholds the *English and Irish Parliaments* steady Adherence to our just Constitution in Church and State; and sure I am, no Persons whatever (*be they Whig or Tory*) are Enemies to the *House of Hanover*, but those who are so to our Religion and Country, and therefore to my *Ghost Project* (which I shall continue Weekly, or as often as the *Ghost* thinks good to appear) I shall add *The Hanover Courant (or merry Observator) writ as well to divert the Ingenious, as to open the Eyes of those blinded and deluded Wretches, the* English *and* Scotch Jacobites.

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My Lord, —— the ſtrict Search that has been made for me by the *Queen's Meſſengers* (as the ſuppos'd Author of *Neck or Nothing*) has *ſtript me into a naked Spirit*, and as a *Ghoſt*, I intend to make *a Speech to the moſt remarkable Perſons in Church and State.*

I hope, my Lord, this bold Attempt of ſetting the *Britiſh Court* in a new Light, will obtain the Honour of your *Excellence's Illuſtrious Patronage*, and that not only as my being *buried alive* (for my being forc'd to hide for only detecting plain and ſeaſonable Truths, can be call'd no better) has render'd this *Weekly Apparition* neceſſary: But as my *GHOST* offers to the Publick nothing but Truth, and ſuch Truths as I am able to make apparent, if call'd to do ſo by *Lawful Authority*, and ſecured of *the Royal Protection*.

Some may perhaps blame me for ſo *hazardous a Step*, but ſhall any *perſonal Danger* make me ſilent to my Country's Ruin, *God forbid!* No, my Lord, our *New Senator* has ſet me a nobler Preſident in his—*Guardian*, *Engliſhman*, and *Criſis*,—of being fearleſs in the Cauſe of Truth and Religion, which as it has made all Her Majeſty's loyal Subjects his great Debtors and hearty Friends, ſo it has provok'd the *Examiner* and the little Hirelings of the Party (as well as their Maſters) to make uſe of their old Topicks, *Railing*, *Lying and Slandring*, (of which we have a late Inſtance, in the falſe Account that was publiſh'd of Mr. *Steel's Speech*) but their Malice only ſeems to add a *New Luſtre* to his *loyal Character*, and make it ſhine the brighter, for Mr. *Steel's* being ſo zealous to *VOTE* for an *ENGLISH SPEAKER*, (whoſe great Love to his native Country, had made him reject the late *Bill of Commerce*) not only points out to every honeſt Briton and ſincere Proteſtant, *One* of their *beſt Friends and Patricts*, but convinces his Electors at *Stockbridge* they were not miſtaken in Mr. *Steel*, when they choſe him for a *Guardian* to their Liberties, and for a *true Engliſhman*. And, My Lord, as ſuch I ſhall prove him in a *Thouſand Inſtances*, before my *Ghoſt* preſumes ſo far as to make a Speech (which he'll do at a due Diſtance and with all humble Submiſſion) to our *rightful and ever Glorious Queen*, and after that, to Her *loyal and dutiful Houſe of Commons*.

I confeſs, My Lord, that the publiſhing (*Weekly*) ſo large a Packet as this, ſeems too great a Burthen for one Shoulder, were it not that *Ghoſts* freed from the Body, can *carry a greater Weight, and think, ſpeak, and write, more in a few Minutes, than they can in an Age, when united to it*: But if my Zeal to ſerve my Country, and ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover*, has engag'd me in a greater Task than I can perform, I hope the *loyal Virtuoſi of Great Britain*, (and I will add, *Holland* and *Germany*, as the *Hanover Succeſſion* muſt ſtand or fall by their Fate) will ſend me Weekly what News *they receive from the World of Spirits*, for the ſettling a Correſpondence with ſome *POST ANGEL*, (or courteous Ghoſt) is no ſuch impoſſible thing as ſome may imagine, for we have Inſtances of it, Mr. *Aubery* * tell us, 'That Dr *Richard Nepier*, 'when

* *In his Miſcellanies.*

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'when a Patient came to him, he presently went to his Closet to pray, and 'told to Admiration, the Recovery or Death of the Patient. It appear '(says my Author) that he did converse with the Angel *Raphael*, who gave 'him the Responses. *Elias Ashmole* Esq; had all his Papers, where is con-'tain'd all his Practice for above Fifty Years, which are now reposited in 'the Library of the *Museum* in *Oxford*. Before the Responses stands this 'Mark, *viz. R. Rs.* which Mr. *Ashmole* said was *Responsum Raphaelis*. The Angel told him if the Patient was curable or incurable. —— There are also several other Queries to the *Angel*, as to Religion, Transubstantiation, which I have forgot: I remember one is, *Whether the good Spirits or the bad be most in Number?* to which (say these Papers) *the Angel reply'd, the Good.* So that 'tis plain by this Instance of Dr. *Nepier*, that some good Men have received News *from the World of Spirits*, by settling a Correspondence with *ANGELS* and *GHOSTS*.

I could give many surprizing Instances of this Truth (besides this of Dr. *Nepier*) but I think it needless, for certainly none can doubt, but those intermediate Agents (the *Angels*) are employed Reporters, and Transporters, Monitors, Couriers, Guardians, between this and the other World; and therefore, My Lord, as 'tis possible (even in this World) to settle and hold a Correspondence with *Angels and separate Spirts*, 'If any Gentlemen receive 'Letters from the Dead, or have any written Conversations with *Ghosts*, 'they may transmit them to the *Hanover Coffee-House* in *Fleet-Lane* (direct-'ed to *Dunton's Ghost*) and if they are judg'd proper, they may expect them 'in Print with *Remarks*, (where they are necessary) and publick Thanks to 'the Benefactor.

And tho' it must be expected, that the *Labouring Oar* will alway fall upon *Dunton's Ghost*, yet that I may never disappoint my *Athenian* Readers of a *Weekly Packet* I hope our *First Rate Wits*, such as *Garth*, *Addison*, *Steel*, *Pope and Toland*, will often send me as much and as nice Intelligence, as can consist with their being *still in the Body*, and then, My Lord, I shan't fail of sending to *your World*, (but more especially to the *New Convert* in *Y—B—gs*) a large Packet of Speeches every Week; and as the Safety and Royal Title of the Illustrious *House of Hanover*, is the peculiar Charge of a Million of *Guardian Angels*, I doubt not one of those *Glorious POSTS*, will be always ready to carry the Packets I shall send Weekly to my native Country, or if when the *GHOST-PACKET* is seal'd up, I should be to seek for a *Post-Angel*, to convey it to *Great Britain*, to show how little I fear those *Tory Rories* that search for me, I'd carry the Packet my self in my *FORMER LIKENESS*, (or at least in a *Human Figure*) that I might not frighten my *truly honest and generous Printer*, who wou'd venture (almost) as far as a *Steel*, *Toland*, *Ridpath* or *Dunton*, to Print or fight against the Pretender.

My

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My Lord, —— it plainly appears by this brief Scheme of my *Ghoſt Project*, that I have undertaken a very great and difficult Work, by promiſing to appear once a Week (with a *GHOST* and *HANOVER* Packet;) but I don't fear (being to *Walk* like a *Proteſtant Ghoſt* in Defiance of Hell and *Rome*) but I ſhall ſurmount all the Difficulties that I can poſſibly meet, in declaring and Printing my *Loyal Meſſage*: For I continued my *Athenian Oracle* (or Weekly Project, of anſwering all *nice and curious Queſtions concealing the Queriſt*) till I had publiſh'd *Twenty Volumes*; and if I can but eſtabliſh a *new Athenian Society*, that can equal the *Old*, I hope my *Weekly Ghoſt* will haunt the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites* till there's no ſuch *Monſter* in being, or at leaſt, till his Number of *Loyal Speeches* have compleated as many Volumes, as the old *Athenian Society* publiſh'd in Twenty Years, and by that *Space*, 'twill be time for *John Dunton* to die in earneſt, or at leaſt for my *Ghoſt* to retire to its old Quarters (*if they revive again into Being*) which can never be, till the *Lord C——LY*, and Sir *ROGER CASH* * have loſt thoſe two enterprizing Noddles, which (as their *Weekly Hireling* tells us) have exceeded all their Predeceſſors *in Loyalty and Wiſe Conduct*; but ſeeing that *Jacobite Raſcal* † that calls himſelf the *Examiner*, makes Patriots of ſuch *S——te-Merchants*, as have ſold their C——try to the *B——LY* of *France* (for has not the ſeparate P—— made him puſh to be ſole Monarch of *Europe*) 'tis hop'd the ingenious *T——d*, that has ſo well detected the *Art of Reſtoring*, will make good his Promiſe, and give us, as ſoon as poſſible, *The Character of a ſingle M——ry*: But whether he does or no, ſeeing this *Frenchified Tool* the *Examiner* not only canonizes *K——ves* and *C——lies* for Saints, but makes *Traytors and Rebels* of Her Majeſty's loyal Subjects, that his Sophiſtry and Treaſon may be fairly detected, I ſhall ſpeedily ſend him —— a Challenge upon all diſputable Points —— but more eſpecially, thoſe that detect the *ſly Treaſon* that lies conceal'd under—— *Hereditary Right* and *Paſſive Obedience*; —— for 'tis now evident to all the World, that the Enemies to the Houſe of *Hanover*, are the only *Falſe Brethren*, from whom the Proteſtant Part of the Church of *England*, is now in apparent Danger. 'Tis true, my Lord, the *Hereditary Gentlemen* (which laſts juſt as long as they are kept in *Humour* by the chief Places in Church and State) charge the Diſſenters and Low-Church-men, with being Men of Factious and Anti-monarchical Principles, but this is all Trick and Amuſement, for 'tis under the ſpecious Pretence of *exceeding the Whigs in Loyalty*, that the *Jacobite Faction* have (in their Addreſſes and Sermons) been long plotting againſt Her Majeſty's *Revolution Title*, and conſequently againſt the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious *Houſe of Hanover*: Or, my Lord, to ſpeak in plainer Engliſh, *to ſhew what great Encouragement the*

* *Sir* Roger Caſh's Proteus and Jacobite Character, *was firſt detected, by the unknown Author of* Neck or Nothing, *and is ſince confirm'd by Mr.* T——d, *in his Eſſay, Intituled,* The Art of Reſtoring.

† *A Name given to the* Examiner, *by that ingenious Gentleman that writ the* Engliſhman.

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the Pretender has had from our Engliſh and Scotch Jacobites, to attempt a Second Rebellion, *he has lately ſent a Proclamation to* Ireland, *promiſing* 5000 *l. to him that ſhall bring the Body of* Mr. *F—ke to* Bar-le-Duc, and for no other Reaſon, bnt as this *Loyal Patriot* was the Firſt that mov'd in the *Iriſh* Parliament, that whoever could bring the Pretender alive or dead, to the Kingdom of *Ireland*, ſhould have the Reward of 60000 *l.* and the Truth is, the Pretender has now got ſo may great Friends in *England*, by the *Hereditary Folio*, (which was once honoured with a Place in the *London* Gazette) and by Dr. *Sacheverell*'s ſo often drinking his Health by the Name of King, and dividing and confounding the Nation by his *FALSE BRETHREN*, that whoever takes the Pretender now, will deſerve all the Money that is bid for him; nay, I may venture to add, would deſerve as much as the *GALLICK TYRANT* had been worth by this time, had the victorious *Marlborough* been ſuffer'd to conquer *France*: However, My Lord, 'tis certain, that the Pretender has no Right to the *Britiſh Crown*, by any Divine or human Law.

And Sir *Roger Caſh* (to attone for his Treaſon, and to ſave his Neck) now ſeems to own as much, by making a *new and fawning Courtſhip* to that Illuſtrious Prince, whoſe juſt and legal Title to the Crown of *Great Britain*, he has been long ſupplanting, by conniving at the Treaſonable Words and Practices of the Pretender's Friends, and removing from all Places of Truſt, and Profit, his Sworn and avow'd Enemies, which are as many as there are honeſt Men in the Queen's Dominions; and therefore, my Lord, I ſhall prove Weekly (if a Ghoſt may be allow'd to ſpeak from the Preſs) that the *Hanover* Succeſſion is as unalterable, as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Perſians*.

My Lord, I am ſenſible the brighteſt Geniuſes and ableſt Pens in *Europe*, as well as in *Britain*, are engag'd in this important Cauſe, and that moſt of their Writings (but more eſpecially thoſe entituled the *Criſis*, —— *Art of Reſtoring* —— and *Engliſhman*, ——) are a ſort of *WEEKLY GHOSTS*, to fright the Tories into greater Loyalty, and better Morals; but moſt, if not all are beyond the Reach of common Underſtandings, who yet are as neceſſary to be inform'd of their Danger and have moſt Power as well by their Numbers, as the Share they have in our *Conſtitution*, viz. *That of chuſing our Legiſlators to prevent our Ruin.*

This Obſervation, My Lord, made me endeavour to deceive the meaner ſort of Britons, which I have done at the utmoſt Danger to my ſelf and with the plaineſt Matters of Fact, and ſuch as I fully prove in a black Charge I call the IMPEACHMENT (addreſs'd to that Illuſtrious Patriot that writ the *Criſis*) and in a *Letter of Thanks to the loyal Author of the Flying-Poſt*, for his petitioning the Parliament, that I might be admitted to give my Informations againſt the Treaſonable Words and Practices of the Pretender's Friends, but more eſpecially againſt that *Arch-Jacobite* Dr. *Sacheverell*.

My Lord, I ſhall publiſh theſe Two Letters, as a neceſſary Appendix to *Dunton's Ghoſt*, for they'll prove the Truth of thoſe late Diſcoveries, Intituled —— *The Court-Spy*, —— *Whig-Loyalty* —— and *Neck or Nothing*, —— for which the unknown Author lies now hid, (or rather) buried; and for that Reaſon I intend to appear (once a Week) in the Likeneſs of that bold *Neck-Adventurer*, in hopes the *awful Speech of a Ghoſt* may at laſt open the Eyes of a *Frenchify'd Nation*, (that to make a ſinking Gentleman and ſuſpected T——tor *Right Honourable*) is now arriv'd at the brink of Ruin; but whether it does or not, my *Court-Spy* and *Whig-Loyalty* were ſo well receiv'd by the true Friends to the Houſe of *Hanover*, I reſolve, my Lord, to venture further in their Service, and that of your *Excellency's Illuſtrious Maſter*, in the Form and Quality of a *walking Ghoſt*; for as I am numbred amone the Dead, I muſt now ſerve my Country as a naked Spirit, or be who-

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uſeleſs. 'Tis true, the Commerce of the Living with the Spirits of the Dead, is a Matter very extraordinary, but not impoſſible; for at *Hecla* (as *Burton* tells us) *the Ghoſts of dead Men are familiarly ſeen, and ſometimes talk with the Living*, (and a Correſpondence with Angels is frequent, as I prov'd before in the Inſtance of Dr. *Napier*;) and therefore being now transformed to a Ghoſt, I hope to do more Service to my native Country in one Hour, than I did for the whole time I own'd my ſelf in the Fleſh. 'Tis true, my Lord, Man is only able to comprehend viſible Subſtances; but what is inviſible and ſpiritual, he can but gueſs and rove at: Spirit is a Word for Man to maſk his Ignorance in, and what he does not know, he calls by that Name; but tho' whilſt the Soul is embodied, it can neither know the true Nature of Spirits, nor in what myſterious Manner 'tis united to Fleſh and Blood; yet (as a ſeparate Spirit) I am able to inform *your Excellence*, I can be here and there and every where, and by that *Ubiquitarian Faculty* can ſet the moſt ſecret Treaſon or Villany in open Light: For as a * Mr. *Thomas Parker*: *Ghoſt* (to uſe the Words of that comical *Fleeter* * who calls himſelf the *Walking Ghoſt*,) 'I have a particular Faculty of 'liſtning, and diving into the Affairs and Buſineſs of all Perſons whatſoever, and by that 'Mean (as the *Fleet-Phantom* ſays of himſelf) I am Maſter of the moſt ſecret and publick 'Tranſactions in that lower World where your Excellence now inhabits. For though Mr. *Parker* tells us he *is yet alive, and no Spirit, but a walking Ghoſt in Fleſh and Blood*, yet this is more than any Man can ſay of *Dunton's Ghoſt*, that has not actually touch'd my Body; for tho' *Seeing's Believing, yet Feeling's the Truth*; and no Man can truly affirm I am *ſtill in the Fleſh*, that has not actually ſeen and felt it; but whether *I am in the Body, or out of the Body*, as is moſt likely (for who wou'd *continue to live*, while it remains a Crime to call ſuch L——ds T——rs and V——ns, who, to ſave their Necks by a *Popiſh Uſurper*, have brought the Proteſtant Succeſſion in apparent Danger) *Dunton's Ghoſt* will appear often to the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites*, and I hope will finiſh that Conviction, that *The Court-Spy* ——*Whig-Loyalty*, —— and *Neck or Nothing* has ſo well begun.

What I have already publiſh'd, has made ſuch Impreſſions on the Minds of the lower Form of People, as all the *Examiners* and *Poſt-Boys* will not be able to deface, as *MAD* a Man as they and their Idol, the *Rector of* St. *Andrew's Holborn* wou'd perſwade them I am: But, my Lord, what a poor Subterfuge is this wholly undeſerv'd Slander to conceal thoſe *treaſonable Words and Practices* that (*whilſt I was living*) I offer'd to prove by Mr. *Biſſet*, Mr. *Clark*, —— Mr. *Whiſton*, Mr. *Sacheverell*, Mr. *Eboral*, Dr. *Boyſe*, Mr. *Parker*, Mr. *Ryley*, and Mr. *De-Foe*, (whoſe bare Word will paſs for an *Affidavit*, either in *T——k B——gs* or *W—— H——*) and for that Reaſon I now appear as a *Ghoſt*, to do Juſtice to my ſelf and Witneſſes; for if I am *mad*, all the World knows my Witneſſes are not. But, my Lord, I am the leſs concern'd at this baſe and ungrateful Treatment, as the very ſame Falſhood was ſpread concerning that Pious and Reverend Divine Mr. *William Biſſet*, for proving Dr. *Sacheverell* a lewd Prieſt and *Modern Fanatick*; and the very ſame Scandal will be rais'd upon any Man elſe, that has either the Honeſty or Courage to tell Sir *Roger Caſh* of his Hypocriſie and Treaſon, or the *Lord C——LT* of his W——dom and D——neſs. However, my Lord, if my Hazards (either as a living Author or walking Ghoſt) can contribute to the ſecuring the Proteſtant Religion, and Succeſſion in the Serene Houſe of *Hanover*, I have my End; and ſhall think no Danger nor Suffering of my own, too dear a Price to pay for ſuch ineſtimable Bleſſings, which God long preſerve to *Britain*, whatever becomes of

MY LORD,

Your Excellence's moſt humble

Moſt faithful and moſt devoted Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

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Dunton's Ghost.

Dulce & Decorum est pro patriâ mori. ——— Horat.

To my dear Country-men and Fellow Subjects, the Inhabitants of Great Britain *and* Ireland.

SIRS,

THE Love I always bore to the Religion and the civil Liberties of my native Country, when I was in the Flesh, permits me to take no Rest in the present Posture of your Affairs. When in your World the Expectation has often, not only pleas'd, but transported me, that I should one Day be *free among the Dead*: But I am now convinc'd the Concern and Solitude, which possess'd and govern'd me in a mortal State, have wrought themselves into my very Essence, and were not to be extinguish'd by Death. I wou'd not however, have it understood, as if I were, with the least Reluctance commanded upon posthumous Duty, at such a Time as this.

No Doubt it will be own'd, with Advantage to my Memory, thro' the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, if ever Honesty and Eyesight come in Fashion again, that I have with the Courage of an *Englishman*, and the Zeal and Resolution of a Christian, hazarded my Liberty and Limbs, and Life itself in your Service; till at length, thro' the wickedness of the Times, it was no longer safe to carry any *Materials* about with me, that are liable to be incommoded by *Loops and Nooses*. The Method which I now take, lies out of the way of any Alarms which Messengers or Warrants can give, and must be look'd upon as a prudent Artifice, which was found of absolute Necessity for my own Convenience; and it is to be hop'd I shall never, in the most degenerate Age, be charg'd with Cowardize upon this Score, in regard I have only stript in your Defence.

Had I as many Lives to lose as have ever been barbarously sacrific'd to the Ambition of *Rome*, I shou'd chearfully give them up, might I thereby ransom the *Reformation of Religion from Popery*, and secure the *Protestant Succession*. I come, however, a Ghost, commission'd from another World to save, if possible, your Religion, and your Liberties from Death. There is, indeed, one Passage I have read, in Time, which I must frankly acknowledge has given me some Concern, as to the Success of my Mission, *Neither will they be perswaded, tho' one rose from the Dead.* The *Jews*, I remember, were favour'd with a Trial in that Way, in the Instance of *Lazarus*, but the chief Priests, who when the L———ys, the H———ns, the Sw———ts and S———ls of that Time, consulted that they might put him to Death; but the State in which I have now my Existence, sets me so far above their Reach, that were others as safe as I am, I cou'd pity and smile as separate Spirits do, at their Impotence or their Enmity.

It is very fresh in my Memory, how mighty glad I shou'd have been in your State, of an Hour's Conversation with an Angel or a Ghost. Cou'd the Opportunity have been purchased, no Price within the Compass of my Power shou'd have parted us. The Resolution of a few Questions, which Curiosity wou'd have put me upon asking, wou'd have given me ineffable Satisfaction, and made me

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wiser than Fellow Mortals. An Opportunity, Sirs, of this Nature now offers it self, and upon the highest Consideration. The Intercourse I shall maintain with you, you may depend upon it, be free and unreserv'd within the compass of my Commission.

It may indeed, upon my first Appearance be expected, I should bring you acquainted a little with my own Condition, and Capacity for publick Services. I have had a *Vehicle* assign'd me, in which I am to execute those Parts of my Commission, which require some Intercourse with *Bodies*.

——— *Animæ quibus altera Fato* | *Corpora debentur.* ——— Virg.

This new Outside, however, is no manner of Inconvenience to me. From Top to Toe, it weighs but exactly one Scruple; besides, I'm at liberty to lay it aside, and reassume it at Pleasure, there being no vital, but a voluntary Union, by which we are ty'd together. In the Affair of Motion, I am as disincumber'd as I could wish. When my *Vehicle* is off, the *Velocity* with which I move, being perform'd by an Act of Will, is to that of light by Computation, in the *Ratio* of 100000 to 1. Indeed, when I have it on, I am considerably retarded, and the Motion is in reciprocal Proportion, to the different Densities or Resistances of the *Mediums* thro' which I pass. From the Top of St. *Paul's* to *Bar* in *Lorain*, when our Air has been as heavy and thick as I have met with it, two *Seconds* are sufficient; and from *Windsor* to the Palace at *Hanover*, two Seconds and one Third do the Business, and *pari ratione*, to all other Distances. There will be less Reason, perhaps, for the Surprize at this Account of my Speed, if it be remember'd that Mr. *Heidegger* a very grave *Swiss Divine*, in his Lectures upon St. *Paul's* Raptures, asserts, the Apostle ascended the Third Heaven in the Body, and came down again, *Citius pene quam Asparagi coquuntur*, i. e. *In less Time than you can boil Sparagrass*.

If I shou'd not mention it, every one would easily conceive, that my Opportunities and Advantages are considerable upon the Score of *Penetration*, a Sort of *Proprium tertio Modo*, which belongs always potentially to the Being and State I now enjoy, and as Occasions require is put forth into Act. By means of *Penetration* which is here design'd in a physical Sense, together with Invisibility that is annexed, I can mix with all Companies unobserv'd. I can take the broad Side of a Wall of whatever Thickness, without Let or Impediment; and am under no Necessity to convey my self through a Crevice or Key-hole, unless when I take ὄχημα ἀσπίδιον along. Cabinets and Council Chambers are as easie of Access as the *Royal Exchange*, and my Presence puts the most important Conversation under no manner of Reserve. I have been frequently upon my L——*d T*——'s right Shoulder, or under the Lappet of his Ear, when——! I am able to inspect the most secret Dispatches from the *S*——'s *O*——*e*, and there's as much Room for me in the Corner of a Letter, as *Westminster-Hall* can afford a Man out of Term.

Besides, it must not be omitted, that the Faculty which is analogous to the Sense of Hearing with you, is so wonderfully improv'd, that here Whispers are convey'd with the Force and Energy of the *London Cries*.

As to the Advancement of my Understanding, you will be less able to take me in. The Ideas which were obscure, are become clear and express, and the confus'd are now distinct. I am able by intellectual Vision to discover the Fallacies of the most artificial Reasonings, with more Certainty and less Expence of Time, than a good Judge of Painting discerns, with a Cast of his Eye, the Beauties or Defects of any Piece. As to the State of my Will, I am fully devoted to your Service.

I cou'd, with unspeakable Pleasure enlarge upon my Condition, were I not call'd off by the most unhappy Circumstance of yours.

I may easily be credited, when I tell you, the Eyes of *all Europe* are fix'd with Attention at this Day upon *Great Britain* and *Ireland*; I may be allow'd to say it, the whole World

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World is gazing and impatient to know the Issues of your Affairs. *Popery* meditates a Return, and big with Hopes, comes travelling in the greatness of her Strength, supported with all the Power and Artifice and lying Wonders of *France* and *Rome*. Can you view without Emotion, the Seas of your own Blood, through which a *Popish Pretender* must wade to the Throne of these Kingdoms? By what Methods and the Force of what Necessity are you reduced, under the Fears and Apprehensions of having the Throne usurp'd, your Lives sacrificed, and the Reformation extinguish'd? Have you not given a Peace to *France*, which 4 Years ago she would thankfully have purchas'd by the Cession of *Spain* and the *West Indies*? I cannot upon this Head express my self in better Terms, than in the Words of the *Memorial* deliver'd to one of Her Majesty's principal Secretarys of State, by his Excellency the *Baron de Bothmar*, Envoy Extraordinary from his *Electoral Highness* of *Hanover*, Dec. 9, 1711. in which there appears the utmost Concern and Faithfulness, which wanted nothing more than a suitable Regard to have sav'd these Kingdoms.

'Tis easie to see the pernicious Consequences which there wou'd be ground to apprehend, if *Spain* and the *West Indies* were left to the Duke of *Anjou*. Her Majesty her self has deliver'd her own Opinion clearly upon it, in her Speech at the opening the very last Session of her Parliament, recommending the War in *Spain*, as that which most particularly concern'd the *British Nation*, who will in no wise find Amends for it by the Trade to the *South Sea*, with which they are flatter'd; which Trade if given them in reality (as may justly be doubted it will not) wou'd however be precarious, and last no longer than *France* or *Spain* shou'd please to permit.

'These Two Crowns cannot in that Case be consider'd otherwise than one Potentate. —— 'Tis very certain likewise, that the King of *France*, who, notwithstanding the Peace and his Engagements with King *WILLIAM* the III. of Glorious Memory, acknowledg'd in his Life Time, another for King of *England* as soon as he thought himself, by his Grandson, Master of *Spain*, will no sooner see his Grandson settled on that Throne, but he will endeavour also to place his *CREATURE* upon that of *Great Britain*, and will accomplish it, having augmented his Power by that of *Spain*, and his Riches by those of the *Indies*. 'Tis easie to foresee the Danger the Queen's Person wou'd be then in, and what wou'd become then of the Liberties of *Great Britain*, under a Master educated in the Maxims of *France*, and in Hatred to the best *English Man*, who have abjur'd him according to Law: There wou'd then be an End of the Liberty of all *Europe*, and of the Protestant Religion. —— These are Consequences in which his Electoral Highness is too nearly interested and concern'd, to look upon them with Indifference.

We have notwithstanding, run the Risque, given away *Spain* and the *West Indies* to the Grandson of the *French* King, sacrific'd the Liberty of *Europe*, the Protestant Religion, and Succession, and are now expecting, in Case of her Majesty's Demise, a *Pretender* from *Lorain*. What *English Heart* is untouch'd with Grief and Resentment, at the near Prospect of Ruin. If God in Judgment, shou'd remove our *excellent Queen*, upon the Concusion of the Peace between the *Emperor* and *France*, can you believe the *French* King either so blind or so honest, as not to lay hold of so favourable an Opportunity that would offer it self, and court his Ambition? Have you not shewn him the Figure of *Mars* sleeping upon his Shield in the *Oxford Almanack*? Where is your Defence? Are not your Men of War joyning the *French* in their own Harbours, when there is the most pressing Necessity to keep them both in a Posture of Readiness, and near at hand? Are you not publickly told, that the *Pretender* has in earnest embrac'd the Religion of *England*? Can this be imputed to any other Cause, than the favourable Prospect he has of making good his Pretensions? Is not this the Meaning that something has been transacted of late Years, which has enliven'd his Hopes? In short, you must either prepare to meet an Invader, and an abjur'd Son of a ——in the Field, and make a Stand that shall be worthy of *English Men* and Protestants, or prepare for Slavery and a *French* Yoke for your

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selves and Posterity; and not only so, but for the *Spiritual Tyranny of Rome*, who trafficks both with the Bodies and Souls of Men. If I must be so unhappy after all, to give Warnings in vain, I must shortly assist only in mourning your Fate. In the mean time, you may expect such further Offices as lies in the Power of

SIRS, *Your most faithful Monitor,*

D's GHOST.

IT has been look'd upon (dear Countrymen) as a Point of the greatest Necessity which the D. of *L——n* had to manage, when the Minister of the Q——n of *G——r B——n* made a Publick Remonstrance in her M——y's Name, to remove the Pretender from his Dominions. The Issue however, convinces the World, how contemptibly such Remonstrances are regarded abroad, and the very Sincerity of them call'd into Question, as if her M——y cou'd be thought capable of acting a double Part, which Affront from the D. of *L——n* will undoubtedly be resented by *G——r B——n* as it ought. To set this Affair in an impartial Light, take (from *Dunton's Ghost*) the following Answer, as it has been transmitted.

MADAM, *Luneville* in *Lorain, &c.*

WE cou'd not be more surpriz'd at the Address of the *British* Parliament last Summer, than with the Remonstrance of your Majesty's Minister at *Utrecht*, in relation to the Removal of the *Chevalier de St. George* from the Dominions of *Lorain*. Before we cou'd absolutely comply with the Request of the *French* King, the profound Respect we had for your Majesty, and the tender Regard we had for your Quiet, made us apprehensive of giving the least Uneasiness to your Majesty; but when we were assur'd on the contrary, that this Expedient wou'd be highly agreeable to all Sides, as the only Means to remove one of the chief Obstacles to the general Peace so much wanted and desired: Proud of so great an Honour, we cou'd no longer refrain opening our Arms to receive a Prince, the most accomplish'd, the most vertuous and most amiable of human Race, who only wants to be seen, to be admir'd, and known, to be almost ador'd; whose Magnanimity in his Sufferings renders him worthy of his high Birth, besides his other great Qualities, which confess the Royal Blood that flows in his Veins.

We must therefore hope your Majesty and the *British* Nation will not take it ill, that we cannot comply with a Demand so inconsistent with our Honour, and Laws of Hospitality, after our Protection once given, to abandon to the Rage of his Enemies an innocent and distressed Prince, who knows no Crime, but being born the last Heir Male to that illustrious Family, which for several Ages has given so many great Monarchs to the World, and among the rest, Your Majesty; whose conspicuous Virtues, and great Actions have reflected as much Lustre, as you receiv'd from your most noble Progenitors.

That God Almighty may take your Majesty into his most holy Protection, is the ardent Wish of

MADAM, &c.

In order to convince the World that I left it in perfect good Humour, without any Malice or Revenge in my Heart; I have judg'd it necessary to leave a Monument of that charitable and forgiving Temper, which is so much the Essence and the Ornament of Christianity. I intend this, with Reference to a very great Lord at the Helm of Affairs, to whom the following Letter is with all Humility address'd; and tho' I can't say that I am now taking Leave of his Lordship, yet if it shou'd happen so, I heartily wish him in my own Condition, and as happy as my self.

My Lord,

YOUR Lordship may claim, with more Justice than any Man alive, a very particular Share in this Paper; in regard you have contributed more than any other Man to make me what I am. 'Tis true, there was not so very happy an Agreement betwixt

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betwixt us in your World, as might have been wish'd; and it remains only to be wish'd that we neither of us break in upon the Truth of an old Maxim, *Livor post fata quiescit.* — These come, My Lord, among other Matters of much greater Importance, to inform you, there is no farther Occasion for Warrants against poor *John Dunton*, formerly Citizen and Stationer in *London*, who departed, *January* 10, 1713, *O. S.* 59 *Min.* past One in the Morning. The Messengers who were order'd to visit me, were guilty of great Rudeness and Incivility, for they kept me out of my own Bed four Nights successively, by which Means I catch'd a grievous Cold, and was thrown into a Fit of the Strangury, and tho' it was Painful, I had otherwise, a very comfortable Passage of it, after having deliver'd to the Printer the last Sheet of *Whig-Loyalty*. I wou'd not for the World lay my Death at your Door, tho' I am satisfied, a great many will think it shou'd be laid there.

My Lord, 'tis notoriously known to all the World, that you have dispatch'd a great deal of Business in the Compass of Four Years last past. *Great Britain* has, under your Conduct, got quit of one of the most *S——h* Wars, that was ever carry'd on since the World begun; and if your Lordship meets with no suitable Returns, I cou'd name a *United Kingdom* that must be the Monster of Ingratitude. 'Tis none of my Business to ask your L——p what fatal Disaster the Armies of the Allies met with abroad, since the K. of *France* wou'd have quitted *Spain* and the *West Indies* to the House of *Austria*, and how *Great Britain* came to be unable to recover *Spain*, i.e. to accept an Offer when 'twas made. Those who are but in the Surface of Business may wonder at this, and a Thousand more unaccountable Turns, but, be assur'd I don't. There is one thing which I am afraid may be improv'd to your Lordship's Disadvantage one of these Days, and that is this, the *Pretender* to Her Majesty's Dominions, who wou'd, when you came in play, have thrown up his Pretensions for ever, for a small Annuity for Life, wou'd not now give them up for 400,000*l.* a Year under your L—— p's Conduct, I am sorry his Hopes shou'd thrive at so prodigious a Rate. I knew both your Father and honest *Ned* intimately well, and when, and under whom you had your Education. *Nemo repente fit turpissimus.* 'Tis very much the Matter of my Fears, your L——p, if the *Pretender* shou'd invade, won't be able to throw the Blame upon the Dissenters, or the Low-Church-men. There have been some modest Attempts made this Way, in several Parts of the Kingdom, but without Success. Sincerely, I hope your Lordship abhors Popery in your Heart, and that it shall never return under your Lordship's Influence or Protection. The Scene of Blood that must stream thro' *Great Britain* before that *Spiritual Tyranny* can be resettled, can never be a pleasureable Prospect to those, who would by no Means suffer the late War to be prosecuted, lest some Thousands more of their dear Fellow Subjects shou'd have their Lives sacrificed, for which they cou'd not be answerable. —— I must, in Imitation of the Example I have set you, beg your Lordship wou'd forgive all the cross and ill natur'd Carriage of the Whigs, and not suffer the Passion of Resentment to transport you to so great an Excess, as to shew the World how much lay in your Power at the same time they despis'd you.

There's an untoward Whig, who boasts himself an *Englishman*; if it be in your Power, I advise your L——p to soften him to your Purpose. Tho' some are apt to believe, 'twere more easy for you to accomplish all the Prophesies in *Baron Bothmar's* Memorial. It's an unhappiness that your Lordship has not met with one Honest Man to plead for you in Print, so that the Goodness of the Cause has suffer'd extreamly, and to this it must be imputed, that the Demand is grown so high for Whig Papers, tho' written for opposite Purposes.

I verily believe it is in your L——p's Power, to provide for the Safety of *Great Britain* and the Protestant Succession, and the Happiness of your Self and yours; and I am not a-going to question, whether it mayn't be in your Will. The Means are obvious, and my Hints are not necessary. —— Before we part, your L——p will own that I have

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have been modeſt and reſerv'd. Without a Propheſie there will come a Time, when *N——l Ac——ts* muſt be ſtated, and Mens Eſtates compar'd with their Incomes, but——

I have met with a few Latin Verſes, that are no way applicable to your Lordſhip; they are ſuppos'd in the *Memoirs of Literature*, to be written by Cardinal *Bolignac*, in Confutation of *Lucretius*, and knowing your Lordſhip's Taſte this way, ever ſince a famous *Critic* made a famous *Latin* Dedication, I have preſum'd to incert them.

Nam ſi dum ſuperos tremimus, dum fulmen Olympi,
Terribileſque Minas, Iramque Tonantis & Orci
Supplicia, æterneſque ipſi exboreſcimus Ignes,
Peccamus tamen, & Terras ſcelera omnia mergunt;
Quid ſe vindictæ nullus Timor? Undique Cædes,
Undique Flagitia, atque Hominum natum eſſe pigeret.

Addreſſing himſelf to *Epicurus*, he makes uſe of the following Freedoms.

Perfugium potius Culpa, ſoliſque benignus
Perjurii, ac fœdifragii, Epicure, *parabas.*
Unam Hominem facem poteras devoraque Furcis
Devincire tibi cupita, invictæque Patronus
Nequitiæ tantum, ſceleriſque adſertor haberi,
Cui tales animos, vereſque atque arma miniſtras.

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted humble Servant,

D's GHOST.

To the Reverend Mr. L——ly, *Chaplain to the* Chevalier de St. George, *at* Bar *in* Lorain.

Revd. Sir,

IT muſt be acknowledg'd, you have had a pretty hard Task of it, and have labour'd with more than uſual Diligence in the Diſcharge of your Miſſion. After you had ſpent your Strength and Time, and laid out abundance of Learning amongſt us, to diſpoſe the Inhabitants of *Great Britain* and *Ireland* to entertain the *Pretender*; the Honour was nothing more than your Due, to go commiſſion'd to proſelyte the *Pretender*, *i. e.* to make him a Proteſtant of your own Stamp and Size, and thereby deſtroy the very Foundation of the *Acts of Settlement*, which it wou'd have been difficult to remove, by any other Meaſures. The Succeſs you have had is the Subject of much Converſation, and indeed, nothing leſs cou'd be well expected; for tho' your had the Prejudices of Education to remove, and a Perſon to deal with, who is in the Hands of thoſe who have equal Artifice and Addreſs with your ſelf; yet conſidering the weight of a Crown wou'd be always in the Concluſion of the Argument, and underſtood in the very Premiſes themſelves, the *Pretender* muſt have been hard-hearted, and deeply engag'd in the Power of Darkneſs, had he not enlightned apace, nor felt the irreſiſtible Charms of your Reaſoning. The Worſhip of Images, Angels, and departed Saints, might have much ſaid againſt it; Tranſubſtantiation, with the Sacrifice of the Maſs, Purgatory, and the Scriptures in an unknown Tongue, together with the Infallibility of his Holineſs, are Topicks upon which you were undoubtedly well prepar'd. You cou'd eaſily demonſtrate that Faith is to be kept with Hereticks, that Equivocations and mental Reſervations are by no means to be eſteem'd a fair way of dealing, even with Fellow Creatures, in the Preſence of God Omniſcient: But above all, Sir, the Crown of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland!* the Crown, Sir! Oh what a happy Circumſtance it is, to demonſtrate with a Crown in one's Pocket! Seven hundred thouſand Pounds a Year! mind me, I ſay, 700000 *l. per Annum!* why, the Man muſt be out of his Senſes, that cou'd refuſe! Many a Man has gone to the D——l for half the Sum, or rather leſs, that's certain. Beſides, no doubt the Gratitude of your Proſelyte will provide a Competency for your ſelf. Were I in the Body, and capable of any temporal Proviſions and Emoluments, for ſo great Services as yours, I wou'd not give a Groat to be made *A. B.* of *Canterbury* or *York*, or to ſucceed to all the good Eating and Drinking in the Biſhoprick of *Durham*. I verily believe your own Proſpects are none of the worſt, I mean in this Life only, ſhou'd your *New Convert* find himſelf enabled to make good his Pretenſions. There are two or three things, Sir, after all, which I look upon to be of extream Neceſſity, and which fall more immediately under your Province. — The *Firſt* is, before you proſelyte your new Maſter thoroughly, and leave it not in his Heart to

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diſſemble with you. It were eaſie to ſhew you the great Importance of having this Particular well look'd to. You cannot ſafely, either for yourſelf or *Great Britain*, &c. depend upon having done the Buſineſs, till you've deſtroy'd all Remains of his Gratitude to the *French King* for his Education, and other Kindneſſes he has receiv'd in abundance. It is neceſſary he leave behind him that *Sword* the *King* gave him when the Expedition to *North Britain* was on Foot, and with this very reaſonable Charge, *to remember in caſe of Succeſs that 'twas a* French *Sword*; which was anſwer'd with a moſt *ſolemn Engagement*. Shou'd you do no more than firſt *make*, and then bring a *Hypocrite* over with you, in that Caſe, Sir, I wiſh your Attempts may be like *Graſs and Corn upon Houſe-tops, that withers before it grows up; and wherewith the Mower fills not his Hand, nor he that binds Sheafs, his Boſom: neither let them who paſs by, ſay, the Bleſſing of the Lord be upon you.* — A *Second* thing which is neceſſary in order to full Aſſurance about the firſt, is, that the Pope have no Hand in directing, adviſing, or encouraging this change of Religion, by Diſpenſations or otherwiſe; for ſhou'd this Affair have any other Concern of his Holineſs in it, than by way of Oppoſition, it cannot poſſibly have the Bleſſing and Concurrence of Heaven. If the Pope ſhou'd but ſo much as pray for Succeſs to your Undertakings, his very Breath would blaſt them. It is therefore expected you ſhou'd keep a watchful Eye upon that Quarter. — There's a *Third* Particular as neceſſary as the Former, and that is, you are to provide *Great Britain* and *Ireland* with a large quantity of Faith. In order to this End, 'tis not only your Buſineſs to convert the *Pretender* effectually, but that Converſion is to be ſhewn to the World, not only in a probable or veriſimilitudinary way, but with ſuch a degree of Evidence, as amounts to *Abſolute moral Certainty*. In a Caſe of this Nature, Men who have their Religion and Liberty at Stake, will expect the beſt Aſſurance, that they ſhan't be impos'd upon and trick'd. They'll weigh every ſingle Circumſtance, the *Probables* and *Improbables*, the Characters of the Witneſſes, their Views and Intereſts, and Facts in former Ages, will come freſh in their Memories. I take it, that the *Pretender*'s Sincerity in the Change of his Religion, has the Odds of 700,000,000 to 1 againſt it; ſo that there are 700,000 000 — 1 of Improbabilities to remove, before you can make it an even Lay that he is ſincere. As to your Part, the Character you have fix'd and eſtabliſh'd in the World, will give ſome Meaſure of Certainty, in a moral way, to your Teſtimony. I ſhall ſuppoſe therefore, that your Atteſtation upon Oath in the preſent Caſe, wou'd remove 1 — 7000,000,000th part of the Improbabilities that are met with, againſt the Sincerity of the *Pretender*'s Converſion. The Hazard run by *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, if they ſhou'd be impos'd upon, and your own Reputation conſider'd, together with the Impoſſibility you are under, to know with abſolute and infallible Certainty, the Matter in Queſtion; theſe Particulars conſider'd, I ſhall be thought, I'm afraid, over charitable in aſſigning ſo much Weight as I've done, to your ſingle Teſtimony; for I've given more to it, than *can* in ſtrictneſs be *due*. Upon this Foundation you are under an abſolute Neceſſity to join 700,000,000 Witneſſes, except Two, to your ſelf, and of equal Credit, before you can bring it to an even Lay, that there is any manner of Honeſty in your new Proſelyte.

Further, before it can be credited ſo firmly, that *Great Britain* and *Ireland* might with Reaſon and Prudence venture their Religion and Liberties upon it, there wou'd be more Witneſſes ſtill requir'd than there are Men alive in *Europe* at this Day, conſequently it is not in your Power to give ſuch Evidence of this Converſion, how ſincere ſoever it may be in itſelf, as can convince the World of an honeſt Intention; therefore *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, if they have the Uſe of their Senſes, can never with any manner of Safety, entertain the *New Convert*. If any ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd at this Method of computing what is neceſſary to make up an *Abſolute moral Certainty*; or, Sir, if you ſhou'd think it ſtrange I ſhall recommend a Mathematical Diſſertation, in the II. Vol. of *Miſcellanea curioſa*, under this Title, *A Calculation of the Credibility of Human Teſtimony*. You are by no means to imagine, dear Sir, that Men will ſacrifice their *All* in this Life, and run infinite Hazards of their own, and the Hopes of others in another, with the ſame

Eaſe,

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Ease and Credulity, as they swallow'd your *Rehearsals*, in which there are by modest Computation, 5000 Falshoods, and at least 9000 Arguments that are sophistical, and 3000 and one half, that either have, or may by retorted. 'Tis certain, even the *Tories* in *Great Britain*, have come wonderfully to themselves, since you left them, and unless some better care be taken of their Understandings, they will shortly be open'd through their Senses. In short, I am oblig'd, by the Concern I have always had for Safety, to inform you, that you must never hope to appear with Security to your Person, your Liberty and your Limbs, on this Side the Water; there is therefore a Necessity, that you *Strip* for it as I have done, and leave all your *Materials* to be interr'd at *Bar*, before you venture to return. I depend upon it, you will deliver the inclos'd, and thereby oblige,

D's GHOST.

POSTCRIPT.

Dr. S——l sends you his humble Service, and the same to your new Convert. He's very much reform'd, and has studied his own Sermons these seven Weeks. He's never heard to swear unless in a Passion, and the Dedication of the Crisis has humbled him extreamly.

To the Chevalier de St. George, *at* Bar *or* Luneville *in* Lorain; *or to be sent after him to* Brest, Bologne, Calice, Dunkirk, *or elsewhere, if he be come away.*

SYR,

I Shall not ask your Pardon for giving you this Trouble, for I design you considerably more in a short time. The Q——n of *Great Britain*, blessed be God, is perfectly recover'd of her late Indispositions. Your Friends are under dreadful Apprehensions upon many Accounts; for their Numbers grow thin by Desertion, the Conferences at *Rastad* are broke off, too forward Steps have been taken for your Service of late, and you have lost Ground considerably, by beating up for Voluntiers in *Ireland*. The Arms are taken out of the Castle at *Edenburgh*, and carried no-body knows where, to be sure they are never design'd to be of any Service to your Friends. Your Conversion is laugh'd at, and even *Abel Roper* grows modest and tender Conscienc'd. *Dormer* is wretchedly dull, and there are Thoughts of dismissing him from the Service. Whig Papers and Pamphlets are only in demand, and the Bookseller who engag'd in *Hereditary Right*, is just a breaking. The *Examiner* has spent himself quite, and would give five Shillings a piece for political Lies, three Shillings for a probable Reflection upon the late Ministry; and in the Poverty of Invention, has been forc'd to set up the Duke of *M——h* for a Pretender; so that you are not for the Future to have that honourable Stile, without Partners. The Life and Fortune Men are all in the Interest of their Queen and Country, and of the Protestant Succession. Sir *J. B.* has forsaken your Interest, and is no more to be trusted. I advise you to dismiss your *Irish* Rebels, or reduce them to so narrow Allowances, that they may disperse of themselves. Get the French King to settle an Annuity for Life; or to procure you some *Golden Settlement* in the *South Seas*, where you mayn't live the Contempt of the World, the Tool of other Mens Ambition, an abjur'd and abandon'd Wretch and ferretted out of all the Dominions, where there is any Regard left for the Repose of Her *British* Majesty, or the Remonstrances of Her Ministers. 'Tis true, you have nothing to lose, but Life and Limb, and I hope your never will have more. You are not only attainted and abjur'd, but your Friends are Rebels and Traytors, who have neither Estate, Liberty or Conscience to fight for, *i.e.* they have no more than your self. The Passive Obedience Clergy, when they had complimented your pretended Father out of his Senses, turn'd him a grazing for a F——l, and you may depend upon it, they have, if possible, less Honour and Conscience at this Day. The News you may shortly expect from a *British Parliament*, will confirm these Advices from him, who to his last Breath was an irreconcileable Enemy, to all your Pretences and Hopes,

D's GHOST.

FINIS.

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